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DANIEL BERRIGAN
THE BISHOP & THE GHOSTS OF FILETTO

MAURICE BERUBE
JENSEN'S COMPLAINT

MICHAEL NOVAK
VIETNAM'S TOMORROW

CYNTHIA MANNE
MEXICAN HAIRCUT

WARREN SLOAT
FLASH POINT FOR TERROR

Reviews of Susan Sontag's *Styles of Radical Will* • *The Age of Rock* • *The Existentialist Prologomena to a Future Metaphysics* • *Literature of Black Africa* • *Celibacy, Ministry, Church* • *Latin America—In Brief*

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NEWS & VIEWS

The Church in Poland

Somewhere between systematic opposition [to Communism] and total embrace there is a middle ground, and if the Polish bishops could occupy it and be more morally subtle, they would do their people and their country a great service.

This is the substance of a report in *New Christian* on the situation of the church in Poland by British Jesuit Peter Hebblethwaite.

Hebblethwaite finds the church better off than most Polish churchmen appreciate. "The country is more Catholic than before the war"; has "11,000 pulpits from which it can make propaganda every Sunday morning"; it is organizationally strong, is not in dire poverty, and not so impossibly put-upon.

"Priests are theoretically taxed to an enormous degree," says Hebblethwaite, "and they simply do not pay their taxes. One priest told me that he always said to the local officials: 'You know I can't pay these absurd taxes, but let's not argue about it: it's up to Mr. Gomulka and Cardinal Wyszinski to sort it out.' "

Wyszinski, Hebblethwaite suggests, is not the easiest man to do business with, a detail which is no secret. The cardinal is a political reactionary, and a religious one also. Hebblethwaite tells that a modestly revised catechism, "which was not even within hailing distance of the Dutch *New Catechism*," met with the cardinal's disapproval because "it is not adapted to the soul of the Polish child."

The Polish church sticks to the hard line, but Hebblethwaite sees the Vatican "clearly working" towards a *modus vivendi* with the regime and "gently urging" Polish Catholics to "accept Socialism."

There is much debate, he concedes, over what the elusive phrase, to "accept Socialism," means. In the most minimal sense, Hebblethwaite concludes, it seems to mean that one accepts the status quo in Poland much as one accepts the weather: "One can't do much about it, one is glad when it gets better."

Canada's Workers

One of the charges long laid against American unions is disinterest in organizing in lower job-type categories (e.g., service industries which attract minority group workers). Whatever growth fat-cat unions needed could be had by organizing among the white brothers in Canada.

Well, a new day may face American unions, for the Canadian possibilities apparently aren't going to be there much longer. The Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers voted recently to preserve a Canadian "identity and independence." And several other worker-groups have established breakaway Canadian unions. They include electricians, textile and chemical workers, and pulp and paper company employees.

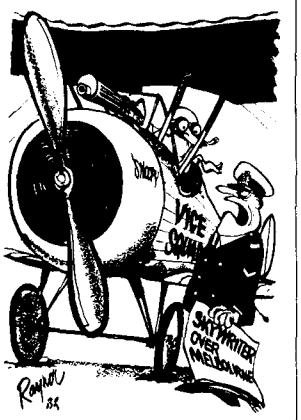
There's a whole new movement afoot.

As one Canadian worker put it, "The U.S. takeover of this country's resources and institutions is an issue of national proportions. By resisting the absorption of our union into an American outfit we will be telling our 20 million fellow Canadians that we have faith in Canada, and in the ability of Canadians to handle their own affairs."

Canadian Dimension attributes the new feeling among Canadian workers in part to "the strong patriotism aroused during Centennial Year." But it adds it also reflects "an abhorrence of the uglier aspects of American society, and of the appalling conservatism of the AFL-CIO."

Target, Obscenity

They have their hang-ups in Australia, too, and they hook onto sky-writers; e.g.:



Raynor—*Bulletin*, Australia

"At the first sign of a four-letter word, shoot him down!"

Birds of a Feather

Deering Milliken & Co., the deep South textile company to which Judge Clement Haynsworth's Vend-A-Matic firm was beholden, and which beat an unfair labor practices suit in 1963 on Haynsworth's swing vote, places its money where its ideology is.

Deering Millikan is a regular inside- or back-cover advertiser in *National Review* and in *Triumph*. (It seems not yet to have discovered *Twin Circle*.)

Dean Acheson on Bras

Heavy upon the brow lay the weighty affairs of State. . . . The following from former Secretary of State Dean Acheson in the Sept. 18 *Washington Post:*

"What traitor or fifth columnist on your staff embittered the war between the sexes by blaming men for the bra? [Editorial, Sept. 11]. Even as a boy looking at pictures of Boadicea, Britain's warrior queen (circa A.D. 60), one could see that she wore a brass bra as protection against the Romans—where it may still be needed from what I hear. If armor has now been turned from defense to seduction, it was a woman who did it—and to perpetuate fraud on men. So far as the latter are concerned, women can, if they wish, go as topless as they are now bottomless."

The Synod's Prospects

Liberal Brazilian Catholics see hopes for the Synod further impaired by the appointment of Cardinal Angelo Rossi as presiding officer.

Rossi, who is Archbishop of Sao Paulo and president of the Brazilian Bishops' conference, is doped as "a man of ambiguous attitudes and tendencies, mainly conservative."

According to Latinamerica Press, of Lima, Rossi's designation "implies that the Synod . . . will not deal categorically with the major problems affecting the Church."

Odds 'n Ends

—The movie "Che," deciphered in Latin America as a U.S. propaganda film, so enraged audiences in Chile it had to be withdrawn. On opening night in Santiago, radicals set a fire in the pit of the theater, forcing it to shut down for at least three months.

—The Bengal Provincial Students Federation is asking that Harrington Street in Calcutta be renamed for Ho Chi Minh. Among Harrington Street tenants: the British and U.S. consulates.

—The American Committee to Keep Biafra Alive learned during Richard Nixon's visit to the U.N. that there's a place for protest and a place for praise in America. The Biafra group was chased to the 47th Street pen, where protestors may demonstrate before a blank concrete wall; at 42nd Street posters went up reading "N.Y. Students Welcome President Nixon."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Word to the Wise

Boston

To the Editors: I just read Philip Nobile's "Us Against Them" [Sept. 19] 1969 and loved it so much I had to dash off a line. It certainly is refreshing to read the work of an aspiring journalist who has the spare, clean, straightforward style of a young—oh, let us say—Hemingway. You see so little of it these days. Most young writers seem to be overly concerned with turning a cute phrase.

Well, keep up the good work and I know that in the near future when promising young writers are appraised the kingmakers or the Jewish Mafia or whatever, they will have to practice a little Nobilesse Oblige, as it were.

DICK BURNS

The Novak Pentecost

Calgary

To the Editors: In an age which McLuhan is trying to destroy with nonknowledge, such pentecosts as Michael Novak [Sept. 5] are to be expected, but what purpose do they serve except to pass the time? Is the church really just "Waiting for Godot?"

If so we might remember that Beckett's theatre of the absurd was also named the theatre of the bum, for bums were the only characters he used. So to be a Catholic is to be a bum.

Somehow Mr. Novak makes it look that way. God is best found in loneliness and despair so let's encourage lots of both. Joy is to be found in living that really isn't.

Thank heaven Mr. Novak says earlier that he is not certain what it is to be a Catholic. Then why write?

JOHN GROARKE

Ease Up, Man

Chicago

To the Editors: Yipes, I agree every bit with your editorial "The Anachronistic War," but gloom and doom, you

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THE COURSE WE'RE ON

Mr. Nixon's recent press conference provided an autumnal State of the Union report, one that was calm, measured—and terribly discouraging. Mr. Nixon has a straightforward way of saying very little. His Administration has a more devious way of doing very little.

The President's general message was: "we're on the right course." In Vietnam, in desegregation policy, in the fight against inflation, in the matter of Judge Haynsworth's nomination to the Supreme Court. At three points, on the question of Vietnam, Mr. Nixon urged that the nation form a "united front" behind him; and on the one occasion when a questioner reminded him that opposition to the government's war policy continues on campuses ("and also in the nation," Nixon added, in a telling distinction), the President replied that "under no circumstances will I be affected by it."

So stick with the captain, mates, and sail on—but where exactly the Ship of State is headed Mr. Nixon gave small indication.

• On school desegregation Nixon promises to steer a "middle course" between "those who want instant integration and those who want segregation forever." Presumably he is aiming at halfway between now and forever.

• Mr. Nixon claims "that 50,000 other Americans who otherwise might have been drafted before the end of the year will not be drafted." Asked about the charge that this claim is false, the President replied that he didn't "consider that charge as one of merit." He said nothing to rebut the well-documented figures showing that only 9,000 fewer Americans will be drafted in 1969 than in 1968. (*Time* puts the difference at as little as 5,600.)

• On the subject of further involvement in Southeast Asia, Nixon only said, "There are no American combat forces in Laos." Nothing on the reports of Thai troops fighting in Royal Lao uniforms. As for U.S. bombing in Laos, Mr. Nixon outdid himself in candidness: "We do have aerial reconnaissance; we do have, perhaps, some other activities. I won't discuss those other activities at this time." Those other activities that *perhaps* we have?

• The President boasts of his Administration's budget cuts. No comment on the go-ahead for the C-54 transport plane, which will cost the country $2 billion more than the $3 billion already spent, for 115 planes. (Washington rumor has it that the main reason for the C-54 approval is to keep

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Lockheed in business.) No comment on the supersonic jet, for which further billions will be allocated—$2 billion for producing and testing two models—in order to add sonic boom to the list of items making America unlivable.

But the central issue, as the President knows, is Vietnam. Mr. Nixon repeatedly insists on giving the enemy an "incentive" to negotiate—the current Pentagonese for continuing the war. For many Americans that sort of talk simply won't wash. For one thing, they are no longer convinced that the "enemy" in Vietnam is the Viet Cong or Hanoi any more than it is the U.S. or Saigon, nor that the former need any more "incentive" to negotiate than do the latter. Nixon has offered the other side free elections and international supervision—precisely the offer they settled for in 1954, and which the United States and Saigon promptly set out to subvert. This time the N.L.F. and Hanoi will settle for nothing less than a definite piece of the power—which is the meaning of their demand at Paris that the first order of business must be an outline of the post-war political settlement. And it is exactly a piece of power for the Communists in South Vietnam which Mr. Thieu once again, on September 27, ruled out of the question; while Mr. Nixon, in turn, reiterated his support for the Thieu government. Thieu has made abundantly clear just where this support will lead by jailing even non-Communist opposition members, by retrenching politically behind a military cabinet, by announcing that U.S. withdrawals are contingent upon our granting him whatever he desires to carry on the war as he wishes. "I will send a paper saying I need this and this and this," he told reporters with unconscious arrogance. "Then, if we agree together, you can withdraw the specific number you like." On ABC television, Thieu casually included "atomic weapons, something like that," in his list of "this and this."

Dead-end, then, for Nixon's Vietnam policy—if not dead-end for all of us. But Thieu's remarks point the way to the latest illusion on the strategic horizon—"Vietnamization"—a worthy successor to strategic hamlets, pacification, revolutionary development, bombing the North, McNamara's Wall, and all the other fantasies which have kept Washington from making a clean break with its past errors. Vietnamization combines an analogy with the outcome in Korea, namely, support for a military government plus extended American occupation, with a program of pacification, only this time directed at public opinion back home. The plan is not a new one. It follows one of Herman Kahn's "scenarios" passed around Washington. It has been hinted at by Secretary Laird and various columnists. But its latest and clearest expression comes in *Newsweek's* revelation of a secret report from Saigon: Gradual withdrawals of U.S. troops would continue until casualties dropped and the Administration snuck safely past next year's Congressional elections and maybe even the presidential race in 1972. Then U.S. troops would stick at the 200,000-250,000 level, and we would back Saigon with money, weapons and training till the rebels and Hanoi capitulate.

Both hawks and doves have criticized the scheme. It is militarily chancy, say some, and could lead to a disastrous defeat inflicted on the half-strength U.S. force. It would still cost $12 to $15 billion a year, point out others. No one has said much of its effect on the aspirations of the Vietnamese for peace and self-determination. At any rate, writes *Newsweek's* Maynard Parker from Saigon, "Vietnamization will solve none of the basic causes of this conflict. It provides neither a method of reconciliation nor a means for the total withdrawal of foreign troops."

Has Mr. Nixon bought the Vietnamization scheme? It is not certain that he has; the President continues to speak of *ending* the war. But the whole drift of his Administration is to avoid hard decisions and give the military the rule of the roost. In his press conference, Mr. Nixon called for "a united front behind very reasonable proposals." Very reasonable proposals, for *getting out* of Vietnam, have now come from many sources, from moderate Senators and "inside" negotiators like Cyrus Vance as well as from the militant peace movement. As for Mr. Nixon's stand-pattism, or the latest fraud of Vietnamization, they deserve only united opposition.

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Law and Hair Down Mexico Way

Tourism is Mexico's major source of income: 46 percent of its exports are a result of tourism. Hair, as any first-year medical student will confirm, is a secondary sexual characteristic. (St. Paul insisted women must cover their hair in church "because of the angels"—did he expect them to catch their wings in it?) And the sign of entry upon the religious life—and therefore generally of celibacy—is the shaving of the head, in Christianity, Hinduism and Buddhism.

Hair has recently become a tourist trap in Mexico.

NEXT WEEK

Commonweal's Fall Books Issue, featuring essays by JOHN LEO on GAY TALESE'S *The Kingdom and the Power;* ALICE MAYHEW on the posthumous volumes of THOMAS MERTON: *My Argument with the Gestapo* and *The Geography of Lograire;* JOHN SIMON on the DWIGHT MACDONALD anthology; and WILFRID SHEED ON MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE'S rediscovery of Jesus.

Plus, a long poem by JOHN UPDIKE; reviews of *Obscenity and Public Morality* and *Robert Lowell's Diary;* and also "special confession" from the Editors.

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The play *Hair,* an unqualified theatrical success in New York, London and Paris, opened in Acapulco and closed next day: its cast deported.

This past August American psychiatrists attending the third World Forum on Psychoanalysis in Mexico City, at the invitation of the Mexican Government, protested the treatment given in San Miguel de Allende to the hair of two of their colleagues. San Miguel de Allende is a charming town in Guanajuato whose only industry is catering to American tourists. Many retired U.S. citizens have settled there, and there is a famed art school attended each summer by a large number of young people from the U.S. Many of these, both boys and girls, wear their hair long. Long hair was worn by all European and American men until the end of the 18th century. In fact, since San Miguel was founded early in the 17th century, it might well be true to say that for more than half the town's history, men's hair there (as elsewhere) was worn long. As for pre-Conquest times, the Mexican Indians all wore long hair. As today, visiting Mexico City to celebrate the centenary of the State of Chiapas, the Indian Chief K'in of the Lacandon tribe, wears his—to his shoulders.

On Sunday, Aug. 3, 1969, the Mayor of San Miguel de Allende instructed his police to seize all long-haired males found on the plaza, take them to police headquarters and there forcibly shave them. Among the youths so seized were the sons of Doctors John L. Schimel and Ammon Issacharoff, psychiatrists in Mexico at the invitation of the Mexican Government, and of Mr. Black, owner of the San Miguel riding school. Learning what was being done to their sons, the fathers went to police headquarters and protested. They were then also forcibly shaved.

The reactions, local and national, were interesting. A Czech refugee and his wife, new residents of San Miguel, were delighted, stopped the Mayor, whom they had never met, warmly shook him by the hand, and assured him he was cleaning up the place. An Italian Marquis, married to a local girl, was horrified. The behavior of the police, the reactions of the crowd, reminded him, he said, of the behavior of police and crowds in Italy under Fascism. And he found the anti-Semitic overtones sinister. (Mr. Black, like the two psychiatrists, is Jewish.) A Ba'hai lady recently settled in the town, was jubilant. "Now we'll get rid of the unpleasant hippies who have been infesting us," she said. Several Texans wrote from the U.S. to the Mayor, congratulating him. One couple said they had crossed Mexico off their visiting list because of the hippies there but now they were coming right back. . . Others, contrariwise, wrote of Mexico's need "to do something about their minor officials and clean up their own backyard instead of harassing the Norte Americano."

But nobody, nobody, even *questioned* the Mayor's right to his action. Surely in no civilized country can any official seize people on the street who are not disturbing the peace nor breaking a law, who are not exposing themselves, or using indecent or aggressive language, and subject them to bodily violence? Were there a law in Mexico that men must wear their hair a certain length (as there have been "sumptuary laws" in various countries at different times) no one could possibly object to the Mayor's action. But since there is no such law, was it not the Mayor's action which was *illegal*?

It certainly seems a hair-raising fact that south of the Rio Grande just because a mayor, or a policeman, doesn't like the cut of your jib, he can drag you to the police station, and there forcibly shave you. What next? Castor Oil? CYNTHIA MANNE

(Cynthia Manne is the pseudonym of an American living in Mexico.)

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GUATEMALA, 1970

FLASH POINT FOR TERROR

The sidewalks of Guatemala City are clogged with the blind, the halt, and the disfigured, selling Chiclets, lottery tickets, or openly begging. Some are homeless; others live in flimsy wood and tin shacks. In the countryside, the rural poor are undernourished, prey to intestinal diseases, illiterate, and, if Indians, despised. Fifteen years after the overthrow of the leftist regime of President Jacobo Arbenz, there has been scarcely a single advance in any field even to alleviate misery, much less to mobilize Guatemala's people.

Peasant landholdings that were barely adequate in 1900 have been divided ten ways in succeeding generations. Without any meaningful agrarian redistribution—two percent of the population owns 72 percent of the land—hunger is growing. "The Indians are a very stable and docile people," said an American member of an international agency, "but they won't starve to death. The flash point is just about upon us." A study out of the Institute of Nutrition of Central America and Panama is uncovering shocking figures on mental retardation brought about by nutritional deficiencies.

Yet, on what might be the eve of upheaval, guerrillas are remarkably quiet. Government repression and lack of popular support have driven them into the hills, and

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activity in the capital, chiefly among middle-class Latinized students, is sporadic. For one thing the views of the *facciosos* (guerrillas) on armed struggle and immediate socialist goals have failed to arouse enthusiasm in a people clinging to an unrequited hope for peaceful change. For a second, the guerrillas have never openly assaulted the current government, maintaining that their quarrel is with the rightist forces of terror based largely in the army. And for a third, as a young leftist put it, "We *desire* to be quiet; we are organizing for the struggle to come."

With a posture of optimism, the Revolutionary Party (PR), under President Julio Cesar Mendez Montenegro, has parlayed hope into promise. Its outstanding achievement thus far has been to survive its four years in power without a military overthrow. This survival has been assured at a price: the Mendez government was allowed to take office only after guaranteeing the preceding military dictatorship that it would eschew startling reform, and has lived up to its word.

Nonetheless it enjoys considerable support, particularly among Indians in the Western Highlands. Governing in a centrist, consensus style that attempts to placate every sector, and hinting at more sweeping moves when the time is right, it has also amassed a formidable Latin-style bureaucracy. Whether its legions and their myriad offices have any clout remains to be seen.

The approach of the Mendez government toward land reform has reflected its style. Given the situation, reform should be an overriding issue. But PR learned its lesson from the 1954 fall of Arbenz, when agrarian reform began to stir nationalist sentiment and popular action. Arbenz was toppled through the help of the United Fruit Co., the CIA, and The Benefactor, Rafael Trujillo, before the government could take advantage of the expropriation of fruit company lands. The "agrarian transformation" now going on, mostly on the Pacific Coast, matter-of-factly provides small parcels and technical aid, with little public enthusiasm. Except for anti-smut campaigns, the government avoids stirring passions or building a popular base that might one day get out of control.

At the moment there are signs that PR leaders would like to relax its strictures against significant social change. One sign is a modest program of "family orientation" which for the first time in the nation's history will help distribute contraceptive devices. A lower birth rate is a pre-condition of serious social change here, though Cardinal Mario Casariego, scowling from the other side of Central Park, calls it "birth control." Another hopeful sign is action and funds to reform the curriculum of an irrelevant educational system. While most rural children don't attend school at all, past efforts have consisted largely of showcase school-buildings that have proliferated an inept system.

Though its caution has produced disenchantment, PR should be a favorite in the March elections, but its candidate, Mario Fuentes Pieruccini, is favored by default.

If the election were thrown wide open, the most popular candidate would be Juan Jose Arevalo—though as author of *The Shark and the Sardines*, a polemical attack on U.S. policy and U.S. business interests in Latin America, he is probably the U.S. State Department's *least* attractive candidate. In recognition of that reality, Arevalo, though Ambassador to Chile, is forbidden to enter Guatemala. The last time he announced his candidacy, in 1963, the resulting panic—in which the CIA joined—brought down the government of President Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes and created a military dictatorship that lasted three years.

Fifteen years of vituperation have failed to diminish the Arevalo image with students, workers and peasants. His record as president from 1945-51 in fostering the since destroyed trade union movement, in educational reform, in constitutional freedoms and in economic nationalism, has endeared him to the people. And this affection also has a nitty-gritty base: Arevalo, in a regime unique in Guatemalan politics, entered the presidency in modest means and left the same way.

The left, excluded from the ballot for 15 years, finally has a presidential candidate in Jorge Lucas Caballeros, figurehead of a coalition that includes the Christian Democratic (DC) Party. He is hardly expected to win, but the DC, with loose alliances with similar parties about the continent, is regarded as a comer.

After the then Archbishop Casariego was kidnapped last year in an effort to embarrass the Mendez government into collapse, the president at last was forced to purge some extreme rightists from their army strongholds. One of those to go was the head of the military mission at Zacapa, Col. Carlos Arana Osorio. Months ago he returned from semi-exile in Nicaragua to run for president, and the right-wing terrorism, which has taken hundreds of lives in recent years, flared up again. When Irma Flaquer, a leading PR propagandist and secretary to the first lady, suggested the connection in an editorial in the party organ, her car was bombed and she hovered near death for days before pulling through.

Arana is the law-and-order candidate, basing his campaign on the extermination of discontent. The sort of life Guatemalans might expect under Arana has been previewed in his leadership at Zacapa, where he helped arm "anti-communist" civilian groups and sent them out commie-hunting. Their definition of communist tended to include PR officials. The election of Arana, a rightist surrounded by violent men who have dealt in repression since 1954, would mean the legitimization of terror in Guatemala. WARREN SLOAT

(Warren Sloat, a New Jersey newspaperman, has written for The Nation, Ramparts *and the* Saturday Review.*)*

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DANIEL BERRIGAN

THE BISHOP & THE GHOSTS OF FILETTO

1

The dead who will not lie still! In Betti's play "The Landslide" the dead victims appear at the doorway of the court of inquiry. They are shamefaced, ill at ease, permeated with a terrifying actuality and gravity, the odor and stain of life. They are there to judge the living. They are not necessarily better than the workmen whose ill-will, negligence or avarice brought about their death. But they died—that is the fact. And they will not stay dead. They judge men only in that sense—their skeletons rattle for release and vindication in the minds of the living.

The dead cannot rest, as long as the living refuse to take the dead into account. They demand—what? Expiation, conversion, the opening of old accounts. A humanity that is accountable, because it is conscious.

No Christian can object to a bishop who is a sinner. How could one, and still accept Peter, Paul, Augustine (dare we say Pius XII?). Still, in the case of Bishop Defregger and the dead of Filetto, something else is in question.

2

It is secrecy that kills! That smell of death, which the blessing of the Church is presumed to fumigate. No. The dead rot; it is their only way of making their case, of winning attention. The dead rot, as long as the living connive to arrange gentlemen's agreements about their death.

3

He was described as disciplined, stern, intellectual. From SS to the altar. He had served two masters, and deserved well of each. Had he repented, even in secret? We do not know, for his words reveal him to be of two minds, depending perhaps on the exasperation, loneliness or fear which a given occasion awakened in him. (The Furies were abroad, der Spiegel was their voice.) So at one time, a spasm of anguish shakes his frame. "Did I do my utmost to save the victims? I confess I did not." Again, his resolve hardens. He has been hounded to a corner, he will fight back. "I consider myself neither morally nor legally guilty." Which bishop is for real?

4

We have something, at long last. In the case of one churchman, the horrid drama of modern war is reduced to something workable. Chaos is a working model. A modest scene of death, amid the immodest sprawl of Hiroshima, Dresden, Coventry. The poor boggled mind; its functions trip over like a safety switch, before the dense, almost abstract horror of the doomed cities. But suddenly the current flows again. We are attentive, modest, shamed, teachable, "turned on." Seventeen men in an Italian village, executed in reprisal. The officer in charge resisted the order "as far as possible." Which is to say, he resisted as far as the narrowing distance allowed, between the life of the victims and his own skin. He is a better man, you see, than the typical SS officer. He is more humane, his instincts are not corrupted by racism. In the words of praise bestowed upon him by his cardinal, after the Bishop's jig was up; "He took every step possible to an officer whose first responsibility was to his own men." (We could spend a few hundred thousand words on that statement too. But let it go for now.)

5

Pius XII died before the accounting, which proceeded nonetheless. Churchill died in honor, the accounting delayed. Stalin has fared harder. The Americans framed the Nuremberg principles, and lived to be embarrassed by them. But only slightly, for the law of accountability for genocide cannot be thought to apply to victors.

6

YOUR EXCELLENCY;
Do you perhaps in solitude
hounded by history—

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(der Spiegel as ruthless
as Time, Life, Look, zoom eyes, voyeurs,
parting the foliage of your secret; anxious lawyers,
your face
a mask of gloom and waste)
to ponder with me the ironies of our two fates.
We; in midst of a nightmare war, a fever,
a convoy train bearing poison
across a polluted landscape—
You; war ended, the dead stopped in their clay,
a cardinal raising his voice, indignant, weighty
in your behalf,
the "church's honor" invoked, linked to your own,
the statute of limitation applying
(the charges not to exceed
manslaughter; the orders
did not originate in you.)
Yet the dogs will not be deflected; the invisible spoor
leads to your doorway.
No blood on your hands?
but the abstractions of authority
the aesthetic distance wrought by time
the settling of graves in a southern meadow
faded daguerreotypes, tigerish young widows
grown gentle as Pasolini's Mary or Magdalen—
Nothing suffices! the yellowed records
stir like sybil's leaves
the dead stand in ragtag on the church steps
their rotted hands outstretched,
lepers' bells about their necks
crying like starved Furies, "justice!" . . . .
Bishop, if one American Bishop
(let us be modest; one, out of two hundred)
stood with us
walked where we must walk
(let us be modest; part of the way)
if while a cardinal purveys
Sunday pablum at the seat of power
and blesses foreign legions
while the senate of Excellencies
deaf as ikons to the thunderous signs—
(I commend for the text of the times those words
Stringfellow found for me anew;
"We have no king but Caesar")—
If there stopped at the church door for a moment
(where we stand, knotted, abhorred
as the invading dead)
the radiant procession
that announces
reconciling of men—
if from its midst
one signeted hand stretched out—
No. Bonhoeffer, Delp, Jaegerstaetter
their words reach us
sodden, faded, half-drenched in bottles, scored by
time's anger, cast up
from the grave;
"We died alone, purified
of church and state, cast on the reefs
that kill and save at one crowning blow."

7

At Block Island, the priest introduced me at Mass with a fulsome catalog of my good works. Up to, and excluding, Catonsville. It could not be borne that a convicted felon, recognized as such, should lead the law abiding people of God in their act of worship. Worship! The words go on and on and over like the Atlantic tides, washing the conscience with temperateness, leaving the marine life undisturbed. It is only in one's own heart that the peaceable and specific prayer can be made; for our brothers in prison, for the gentle law-breakers of Milwaukee, for the continuing sanity and resolve of the Nine, for the New York women whose agony lies ahead, for the men of the Presidio. For judges, police, resistors, blacks and whites. The night must fall.

8

The Church does not want the Bishop's case reopened. Logically. What a stain on their good name, what *scandalum pusillanorum.* Is it not better that the dead lie in peace, and the living go about their business? Especially when that business is by common consent, beneficent, nay sacred? If only the dead could be appeased! "They come to the altar's edge, those vague spirits, to drink of the bowls of blood set there." (Vergil)

9

The thoughts of that Bishop, going to the altar of God day after day, year after year! He bowed in the noble liturgy (bowed just in time, as the scythe of fury whistled above him). He had thought, indeed (was it not a datum of the faith?) that in those words of worship, the vengeance of history was transfigured into forgiveness and peace. "Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us." And; "Let us pray for those who have gone before us, and rest in Christ." They went indeed before, by the merciless will of the living. But they did not rest. They waited and waited. And they struck.

10

Those seventeen ghosts! They had once been men; husbands, fathers, lovers, vintners, a storekeeper, a cobbler, field hands, stone masons, a plumber. Was one or another of them educated, or even wealthy? Would one or another of them have burst the narrow village walls, his genius flowering in the great world? Had the net dragged, conscious as a crawling beast, across the soil, so as to catch only the poor, the unknown? Had he done a study, that virtuous officer whose torment had held death at bay, for days perhaps, while he struggled with the

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"definitive solution" that had been applied with rigor elsewhere? Had he tried not only for a minimal catch, but for a fair cast, a just percentage according to class or income or age? Had he argued for the escape of the poor, weak, the old, the breadwinners?

He wanted to be fair, above all else. He was a just man. He was almost a hero.

He wished to do everything possible to save lives.

Everything, save losing his own life.

For years, he had weighed many texts of the Gospel. But never this one; "He who loses his life shall preserve it unto eternity."

On that brink, confronted with that unknown, he balked. Better a live dog, than a dead lion. The evil implied in every good, the ambiguity lurking in every deed, the devil that rides the shoulder of the man of action, the jots and tittles whose weighing is the responsibility of power! The prudent man survives to do good another day. He was turned to stone; he gave the order, he struck the best bargain he could wring from the implacable machinery of power.

11

He was turned to stone. He passed the order; or rather, the order went by him from higher to lower, as past a man of stone, struck deaf and dumb. "I did all that was possible, I removed the women and children from earshot, from that sight."

He did all things possible, and in this respect he was godlike. He did all things, save the one thing that was expedient; and in this he is contemptible. He did not resist unto death. He did not test the icy blade of military obedience in his own flesh. He did not stand with the victims, he did not resign his command, he did not delay matters by an outcry, by breaking rank, by running forward to embrace the doomed men, by "conduct unbefitting an SS officer." (He is above all a man of discipline and dignity.) He stood his ground, and the innocent died.

12

Had he been merely a savage, a brute, a soldiers' soldier, a man disemboweled by his profession, stuffed with the straw that keeps men in their place; in that case the dead would sleep in peace. And he too would have bidden fair to survive, in some Bavarian town, one of those whom average stature keeps from becoming targets of vengeance.

13

Alas, he stood above the herd, an exceptional man. After the war he was drawn to the priesthood. (Wars always produce an increase in vocations.) His talents continued to win notice. He was a man of good sense, he kept his cool; requirements for the army of Christ.

14

Did the Cardinal who summoned him to the dignity of the Bishopric know his harrowing secret? Dopfner declared that he did, and we can only take him at his word. Indeed, to bring the case home to ourselves; what American Cardinal, some twenty years after the Vietnam war, faced with a man of like history and of equal promise, anxious also to place such gifts into more auspicious service, what Cardinal could be thought to hesitate? And after the fact, the decision taken, the ruinous disclosure occurring, what Cardinal would not run up, as did Dopfner, the tattered shibboleth, the distress signal, "honor of the Church"?

15

Would he had hesitated. Let us suppose that the Cardinal had paused before his decision, in regard to this priest. Suppose he had entertained such reflections;

Before I act, I shall open my heart to this priest (who has opened his to me) who has long suffered in secret, who has been a good son of the Church as far as lay within his power, given the burden he bears and must continue to bear until his death.

Then I shall consult the faithful. The truth must be told, it is a rigorous postulate of the faith itself. Father Defregger shall tell the truth of his past. I shall stand at his side, we shall abide with the community and act in accord with its health, its insight, the movement of the Spirit. Above all else we must never, in a case of such grave import, act in secret.

16

What miraculous change might occur in the hearts of men, if churchmen were determined to be men. Might not the forms of human life, rigidly set wrong, like broken bones in clumsy hands, heal and grow flexible once more, and allow human beings to walk at a human pace?

17

Caesar, whatever else he is, is something less than a man.

Christ is a man; *caro factus.*

Caesar's method, whatever its plausibility at any juncture, proceeds from inhuman assumptions—whether about power, politics or death. By now his method may be analyzed, and its outcome fairly predicted. (It has been applied for a long time; in battlefields, in chanceries, in debate forums, in socio-psychological studies of impeccable quality.) It effects invariably; the death of the innocent, the waste of human resources, a backwash of perennial misery and ruin.

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The method of Christ is, as of this Christian year of 1969, fairly untried, a coin hot from the mint, a closed casket. As to its outcome, who is to say? The One who forged the Christian ethos died in the fires He had set alight. From the far side of that fate, He has little to say to ears attuned only to Caesar's glossary.

18

But some have learned.

Your Eminences and Excellencies (and Caesar, your principalities and powers) we have news for you—bad news, in the nature of things. Some of us have, in secret, grown literate. We can read and write. More; like ignorant shepherds we have come (by hazard, the earth giving way under our feet) on certain lost scrolls, the diary of a brotherhood who had dwelt for a time with Bar Jesus, an itinerant rabbi. Now we gather night after night, painfully decoding the texts, their word of blood and fire, of meekness and strength and surprise.

19

And of what may fairly come of this, who shall speak?

20

My Lord Dopfner; you must confess, your head hung in anguish and shame, that you do not know.

My Lord Defregger; you also.

Only the dead know; Bonhoeffer, Jaegerstaetter, Delp, the seventeen village ghosts, all those who died alone, at that edge where Caesar impaled them and the Church dared not trespass, except to claim the bodies. Speak. He who loses his life, shall preserve it unto eternity.

Roasting the old chestnut of race and intelligence

JENSEN'S COMPLAINT

MAURICE R. BERUBE

The most significant publishing event in education during the past year is rapidly shaping up to be the appearance—in the eminent *Harvard Education Review,* no less—of Berkeley psychologist Arthur R. Jensen's small book in the form of an essay, "How Much Can We Boost IQ and Scholastic Achievement?" In 123 pages, including footnotes, Professor Jensen has singlehandedly revived an old Chestnut: the controversy over heredity and intelligence. Heredity determines intelligence, Jensen argues; more provocatively, the intelligence of blacks is genetically less than whites.

The timing of the book-essay could not have been less appropriate. The immediate effect of Jensen's article—and perhaps the most damaging—is to shift current emphasis of educators and social reformers from devising strategies to make schools effective in educating the poor, particularly the black poor, to a debate on the question of whether the black poor are or are not congenitally uneducable. The attention of educators has not only been diverted from more rewarding inquiry, but the Jensen argument offers a balm to many wary Americans despairing of reshaping American society into a more equalitarian system by means of the schoolhouse. The Jensen piece will strengthen the reasoning of the conservatives in the Nixon Administration who are convinced pouring monies into public schools produces negligible results. For the heredity thesis clearly implies there is little to be derived from tampering with schools or by improving the life styles of the poor. If the capacity to learn has already been settled, why should government invest heavily either in schooling or in changing the conditions of poverty?

Although he maintains the controversy over intelligence is far from resolved, Jensen reinterprets the performance of compensatory education programs and aligns a number of past genetic studies to make his case on the "heritability" of intelligence. Essentially, he concludes that intelligence—the capacity for abstract reasoning and problem-solving—is primarily hereditary. He assigns a good 80 percent of a person's intelligence to genetic factors and a minority 20 percent to environmental influences. Furthermore, Jensen maintains, genetic differences transcend the individual to hold true for groups, so that blacks—who score an average 15 points below whites in IQ tests—are credited with less intelligence.

Jensen's "findings" thus contradict the bulk of past studies on heredity. A consensus of scholars has held these many years that environment plays the greatest role in shaping intelligence. The Council of the Society for Psychological Study of Social Issues, for example, in rebutting Jensen, refers to the past literature of genetics, the "evidence of four decades," and its stress of nurture: "The evidence points overwhelmingly to the fact that when one compares Negroes and whites of comparable cultural and educational background, differences in intelligence test scores diminish markedly; the more compara-

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ble the background, the less the difference." Most of these scholars agree with psychologist Benjamin Bloom on the overwhelming importance of the early years of life, when 50 percent of an individual's intelligence is *developed* by the age of four.

What imparts freshness to Jensen's argument is his analysis of compensatory education programs. Like other educational critics, Jensen is extremely disturbed over the apparent failure of these compensatory education programs to raise substantially IQ levels of the poor. His article with its concerned title, attempts to account for that seeming failure. He is much less optimistic, however, than these other critics of compensatory education. They believe that either racial integration or radical school structural reform will make these compensatory programs work.

Jensen's key assumption, highly questionable, is that IQ tests accurately measure intelligence and serve as the best predictor of scholastic performance. He marshals his evidence on the basis of these IQ tests, disregarding their culture-bound nature which favors children of the white middle class. He perceives the fault of the compensatory approach to be in trying to raise IQ scores (read: intelligence) rather than in concentrating on improving school performance. For Jensen, scholastic performance—the learning of a specific set of skills—is both separate and the lesser of the two, and capable of being molded. Scholastic performance, Jensen says, is "determined less than half as much by heredity as are differences in intelligence."

Jensen's message is simple and direct: leave intelligence alone, which is mostly hereditary, and emphasize scholastic performance, which is not. Translated into educational policy that would mean a track system, one for those of high intelligence and one for those of low intelligence. And as Jensen concurs that different ethnic groups—particularly, Jews, Chinese, Negroes and Puerto Ricans—possess different learning proclivities, some being more verbal, regardless of social class, this track system would reinforce ethnic peculiarities. Educators should, according to Jensen, "utilize other strengths in children whose major strength is not of the cognitive variety." Rather than stress a group's weak abilities in order to "compensate," Jensen would have us petrify an educational caste system.

There are glaring deficiencies in his analysis. For one thing, Jensen's schemata is built on the shaky foundation of the IQ tests. Robert Rosenthal and Lenore Jacobsen in their research last year *(Pygmalion in the Classroom)* raise serious questions whether devices like IQ tests may not merely feed self-fulfilling prophecies of teachers. Moreover, Jensen's strongest argument for "heritability" rests on the experience of twins raised in different environments. In interpreting the identical IQ's of twins reared in different backgrounds as "proof" of "heritability," Jensen ignores previous psychological interpretations of further evidence of a self-fulfilling prophecy—whereby identical-looking children tend to create similar expectations. The apparent failure of compensatory education programs, then, according to this reasoning, would not be so much genetic but one of the learning climate in the schools and the home. If schools could be so structured to create a positive ambience, would not these compensatory education programs succeed?

The average layman wading through Jensen's complex and technical jargon would find it difficult going. In this respect, the plethora of criticism that greeted Jensen's essay helps to clarify some issues. Nevertheless, academics have overreacted. The *Harvard Educational Review* devoted its spring and summer issues to the ensuing controversy, this in addition to the original article published in the winter. The spring issue carried no less than five full-blown replies, a long letter published as an article, and another letter (ironically, the most perceptive, written by Benjamin Bloom) located in the letters section. That preceded a last word by Jensen in the summer issue. Other professional and educational journals have picked up the Jensen gauntlet: *Saturday Review's* education supplement and *Trans-Action* quickly printed long rebuttals, and *Phi Delta Kappan,* the schoolman's journal, followed suit with an entire fall issue on the Jensen controversy. And the end is far from sight.

Of this crop of criticism, it is Bloom's near-hidden letter which raises the penultimate question: are the schools capable of raising the intelligence and scholastic performance of the poor, including the black poor, in a totally transformed social and economic setting? Bloom believes not only that they can but they have. He cites with authority the experience of the Kibbutz—as an instance of nurture over nature—where the IQ's of European Jewish children climbed from 105 to 115, and, most important, the IQ's of Oriental Jewish children rose from 85 to 115. The latter 30-point spread is extremely significant, for an increase of 10-15 IQ points is commonly regarded by educators as negligible and transitory. All the more reason to suspect Jensen's theory of white-black differences of intelligence on the basis of the slim 15 IQ point-margin, which none of Jensen's critics, surprisingly enough, mentioned.

Jensen hedges on Bloom's point. He willingly admits "there can be no doubt that moving children from an extremely deprived environment to good average environmental circumstances can boost the IQ some 20 to 30 points and in certain extreme rare cases as much as 60 or 70 points." Nevertheless, he remains unconvinced that these efforts will result in "permanently superior IQ's."

Jensen is also similarly unsure of himself on other crucial points. How to account for the clear testimony of the crippling effects of extreme poverty on children? Surely, these effects on intelligence have nothing to do with heredity. Accepting this testimony, Jensen concocts a vague conception of a "threshold of intelligence." This

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threshold, represents for him, the minimal living standard whereby his law of genetics finally becomes operative. Certainly, these notions are sketchy and somewhat contradictory.

Jensen's argument thins considerably when confronted with the progressive decline of the IQ's of poor blacks in public schools. For some time, educators have been alarmed at the dulling of intelligence and school performance of poor blacks: the longer they remain in school, the worse they become intellectually, despite good starts. Isn't this a clearcut instance of environment at work? Unable to account for this syndrome, Jensen begs the question: "We do not know how much of this decline is related to environment or to hereditary factors."

Bad Side Effects

Undoubtedly, Jensen has reopened serious inquiry into the nature of heredity. Further research on the role of genetics and learning is needed. Indeed, Jensen has justly claimed his thesis attempts to keep the question of heredity open (although as his critics charge, he is himself guilty of closing the door on compensatory education). Certainly, one must recoil from the anti-intellectualism of the National Academy of Science which, the past few years, has discouraged research into the relationship of heredity and intelligence.

Yet the Jensen controversy has produced some bad side effects. It revives an old debate at a time when some insight into the education of the poor was achieved, transcending an emphasis on the brute conditions of poverty. Too many studies had previously focused on the quantitative aspects of poverty. This approach implied that the effects of poverty on the learning capacity of children could only be redressed by first changing social conditions *outside* the school. In short, abolish poverty and *then* the schools would function.

One trouble with this argument has been its indiscriminate use by defenders of the educational status quo. One can easily attribute the failure of schools to educate a black poor to the home and poverty. These apologists liberally cite the Moynihan report on the Negro family, with the aim of placing the blame for poor school performance on the broken, fatherless home. (What studies have been made on the broken home and schooling, particularly the Coleman Report, show, paradoxically, that children without fathers do as well in school as those with fathers.) And a new myth has been created, questioning whether public schools have ever been able to educate its poor. There is little evidence to support this view, and precious few facts on how the public schools functioned in the past. Moreover, these observers undermine their argument by excepting the Jewish and Chinese poor.

Juxtaposed against this "quantitative" school of poverty is a "qualitative" school. The latter pursues the suggestion that the psychological effects of poverty have most bearing on the life styles of the poor and, in particular, on their ability to learn. There are strong indications—not sufficiently followed through by social scientists—that the children of the poor do not have to wait for the social millennium before they can learn. Other recent studies (Coleman-Greeley/Rossi-Project 100,000) have shown that psychological factors of identity, participation and self-image are most important in achievement.

Nations with a high degree of political participation, such as new revolutionary socialist states, seem free from the pathology of poverty, anthropologist Oscar Lewis suggests. They are still relatively poor, and although these poor have little money, they do have high spirit, willingness to accomplish and the motivation to learn. One good way to verify Lewis' theory would be to study the influence of the Cuban revolution on national pride and identity and its consequence in the schools. (Lewis, however, is presently conducting a more general investigation of the culture of poverty in Cuba under a Ford Foundation grant). Perhaps the Cuban school and Israeli Kibbutz have much in common.

Most probably, as Lewis contends, the poor need more than money; they need power. Once they participate, have a hand in determining their own lives, thus restoring hope, their plight might change drastically. But that means redistributing a share of power, and in this country, the odds of power being transferred from a white middle class to a black poor are well nigh insurmountable.

This inquiry into the dynamics of blacks' developing healthy identities through the civil rights struggle and the black power movement should have captured more of the academic imagination. For what Jensen advocates would prove disastrous should it furnish the intellectual bedrock for educational inertia by the Nixon government.

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JACK LINDEMAN

GLACIAL

Not a flake
of the moon's smile
shall blunder against
your huddled shoulders.
No memory
of humane seasons
shall ignite
this Fahrenheit
of numb intrusions;
and the earth
shall lean
against your pickaxe
like a granite jaw
of howling blasphemies.

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VIETNAM'S TOMORROW

Ten points for withdrawal

MICHAEL NOVAK

A conviction is growing among thoughtful persons in the Peace movement that the political settlement of the war, which now seems inevitable, will not be easy. Travellers abroad, even behind the Iron Curtain, report that the American withdrawal might be as precipitate and unwise as President Johnson's escalation, and that, in human terms, the last stage may be worse than the first. The criticisms have even gone so far as to suggest that the Peace movement is in the immoral and impolitic position of demanding a settlement whose human costs will be extreme. Every outcry by the Peace movement, the argument runs, now has a different political effect from formerly. Earlier, the movement succeeded in convincing Johnson, and now Nixon, that a political settlement must be made. Now the movement gives indiscriminate negotiating leverage to North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front—whose designs on Vietnam's future are neither wholly popular nor notably humanistic.

The Peace movement has neither need nor time for self-doubts. It is still crucial to press a not exactly overeager Nixon. However, at least the more intelligent and critical wings of the movement will want to begin thinking of a more morally and politically valid concept than immediate withdrawal. As the political aim of a movement, the cry for immediate withdrawal is simple and powerful. As a policy that can and ought to be effected, it is sadly deficient.

During my brief thirty-day tour of South Vietnam during the elections of 1967, I spoke often and at great length with Truong Dinh Dzu, now in prison, and later tried out his ideas on other South Vietnamese leaders like Premier Huong, as well as against my own experiences. My long conversations with Dzu firmly fixed eight or nine points in my mind. Now that the unreality of other approaches to peace has become evident, such points may also persuade others—both by their inherent plausibility, and by their respect for the complexities of Vietnamese culture.

I. *Many South Vietnamese are passionately opposed to the National Liberation Front.* By now, many thousands of families have had at least one person whose hand has been cut off, or whose life has been taken, through Viet Cong terror. Many persons say with deep feeling: "If the Viet Cong come to power, *we* will go into the hills." Independently of the military, of Thieu-Ky, or of Catholicism, there is strong resistance against the Front in Vietnam. The depth of that feeling surprised me.

II. *The primary source of political strength for the NLF, and also of its political unity, has become hatred of the condescending American mission.* "We are caught," a Catholic refugee from the North told me, "between a hammer and an anvil: the Front and the Americans." He was on the brink of joining the Viet Cong. He spoke of the millions of refugees from American operations, the squalor of the swollen cities, the defoliation of the best agricultural areas (along roads and streams), and the degradation of many thousands of Vietnamese families, whose women were bought for the consumer good of the half-million Americans replacing one another in rotation year after year. The Americans will all be gone in seven or eight years, I told him. "Eight years will be too late," he said heatedly. "My daughter is ten years old." . . . The next night, a friend of mine attended a party which turned into a farewell for three students of Saigon University, who were slipping off that night to join the V.C. (and who expected, like many raw recruits in the guerrilla army, to be dead before too many months).

The overwhelming American presence gives the V.C. a unifying political issue they would not otherwise have. American trucks go through Vietnamese villages at thirty miles an hour (to go slower in some areas would be dangerous) and thin clouds of dust penetrate the bamboo houses; women hold cloth to children's noses. Wherever the Americans go, bombing and strafing aircraft arrive. Viet Cong militancy rises. Americans mean death. "The Front," Mr. Dzu explained to me, "faces the same difficulties as all political groups in South Vietnam. We have never been a nation. Each group is loyal to itself and fears the others. Delta people do not trust Northerners [i.e., north of Saigon], those in Central Vietnam do not respect Southerners. Catholics, Buddhists, Hoa Hao, Cao Dai; mountain people, farmers, city people— South Vietnam is a land of many dialects, many political conflicts. When the Americans leave, the Front must make deals with every local group. They must become pragmatic like everybody else."

III. *After the hostilities stop, there will be a crucial, uncertain period of three to five years.* The Nation

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eration Front is unquestionably the best nationally-organized political body in South Vietnam; and it is the only group, outside ARVN, that is armed. Still, the ranks of its elite veterans have been decimated by the last five years of savage fighting; the number of times the most courageous front-line officers and elite demolition teams go into battle without dying is not infinite. Thus it is by no means certain that the Viet Cong could militarily overrun South Vietnam within three to five years after a large-scale American withdrawal. On the other hand, it seems highly probable that in five to ten years the Front would dominate South Vietnamese politics. It will have talent, organization, the prestige of having fought off the Japanese, the French and then the Americans—and its own independent army. Everything depends (1) on the national prestige and quality of the chief opposing political parties; (2) on whether it or the Front will be better able to unite the many factions of Vietnamese politics; and, (3) on the political role of the South Vietnamese army.

IV. *During this critical period, there is danger of large-scale reprisals against political enemies, from both sides.* The Thieu-Ky regime is as capable as any of the assassination, torture, or imprisonment of political enemies. A friend of mine working in one village told me of Viet Cong soldiers interrogating two women in the field and shooting the one whose husband was an ARVN soldier. Vietnam has a history of savage civil war. Meanwhile, the three or four million Vietnamese who are working for the Americans or in other ways directly implicated in the American presence are more compromised than those who, fifteen years ago, worked for the French; and many cities have large cemetery plots commemorating the thousands murdered by the Viet Minh when hostilities ceased in 1954. Some sort of internationally-supervised guarantees must be agreed to and enforced.

V. *An American withdrawal will have to be phased and as many as fifty-thousand men will have to be left in Vietnam for three to five years.* Economically, the transferral to Vietnamese management of the huge airbases, communications centers, and other facilities constructed by the Americans will require time. Both the North Vietnamese and the Americans have some stake in overseeing in some minimal way the protection of the people their presence compromised. And a sudden disorderly withdrawal of American forces from regions which both economically and militarily almost wholly depend on them would be as grievous an error as our initial build-ups; like getting a girl pregnant and then abandoning her. The phased American withdrawal will require a public timetable, faithfully observed. The first 300,000 men should be withdrawn quickly.

VI. *The corrupt Thieu-Ky regime is the fundamental obstacle to stability after an American withdrawal.* The regime has been, even accounting for the immense American superstructure, more stable than seemed possible in 1966. Still, it is no match, politically speaking, for the NLF. In the elections of 1967, almost half of voting age (those in Viet Cong or disputed areas) did not vote, and of those who did only 31% voted for Thieu-Ky. Such a weak vote is startling, since more than two million persons of voting age depend directly on the Thieu-Ky regime for their office and livelihood: soldiers, officials, wives and closest relatives. No issue during the "thirty days of free speech," (election 1967) aroused crowds more enthusiastically than comparisons of the regime with that of Diem, and even Hitler. The Buddhists, especially, hate the regime. "The junta would not last one day if the Americans did not enforce it," I was told many times. "If you would even look the other way, down it would come." On the other hand, towering political leadership in South Vietnam is not in abundance; and control over the loyalty of the army is a crucial condition for political leadership. Mr. Dzu, for example, has the backing of important Hoa Hao, Cao Dai and Buddhist officers; but could he hold the loyalties of the dominating Catholic officers? It did not hurt one's advancement in the French army or administration to be Catholic.

VII. *It makes neither political nor economic sense to imagine Vietnam permanently divided in two (like Korea and Germany).* Traditionally, the industrial and educational energy of Vietnam came from the North, its rich agricultural culture from the South. The university center has been Hanoi. Even today school children in Saigon, asked to name the capital of Vietnam, reply "Hanoi." In Mr. Dzu's opinion, fifteen years of separation between the two parts of Vietnam, North and South, (never intended as a *political* division, but as a temporary *military* truce line) will require an equivalent period of time for reunification. It was part of his election platform to promote a series of solidly designed actions, both national and international, to bring North and South Vietnamese into consultation, cooperation, and gradual, mutual organization. Economic aid, for example, could in some cases be distributed through joint planning commissions. Representation at the United Nations and elsewhere should gradually become cooperative. (Many North and South Vietnamese of Mr. Dzu's generation went to school together in Hanoi, have intermarried, or are related by blood.)

VIII. *The form of economic life in a United Vietnam will probably be some combination of government planning and free planning.* Some of Vietnam's problems of geography and resources—regarding transport, e.g.—cry out for social control. The massive problems of the new sprawling cities created by the war in the South will not yield to uncoordinated free enterprise. On the boundary lines between Chinese collectivism and the capitalist sphere of Japan, Vietnam might be expected to try to bend both worlds to meet its own peculiar problems.

IX. *The main task of the U.S. in bringing about peace is to lower the threshold of military firepower and mili-*

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tary operations, to put into effect a U.S. cease-fire, and to let the onus of destruction fall on the Vietnamese. It is not likely that, either politically or militarily, the North Vietnamese and the V.C. can happily afford to continue hostilities at the present high level; it is not likely, either, that they will capitulate at the present level. In the name of their own future, neither North nor South Vietnam has anything to gain by further bloodshed and technological destruction. It is probably true, both Mr. Dzu and Premier Huong agreed in 1967, that the U.S. build-up prevented a victory of the N.L.F. in 1965. But the American strategy thereafter was increasingly self-defeating. Military and American priorities were given precedence over political and Vietnamese priorities. The Front grew dramatically, even as its military units had to depend more and more on North Vietnamese replacements.

Mr. Kissinger's argument for two-way peace talks—U. S. and North Vietnam; South Vietnam and N.L.F.—is faulty for two reasons. In the long run, North Vietnam and South Vietnam must reunite; culturally, economically, and politically, unity makes more sense than division. Secondly, in order to withdraw its troops according to a publicly-announced timetable, the United States does not *need* a previous agreement with North Vietnam. Three considerations support this point: (a) The Americans don't need all the personnel they have in Vietnam; the numbers, in fact, are counter-productive. (b) The North Vietnamese have *domestic* reasons for lessening their efforts in the South and *international* reasons for not wishing to become further dependent on either China or Russia; and they have shown evidence of willingness to keep infiltration rates low and to withdraw units from fighting. They will not, of course, abandon their Southern compatriots while the Americans remain there, nor cease at least periodical offensive operations while the Americans launch them without pause. (c) The North Vietnamese have little reason to trust the mere words of Westerners, by whose solemn treaties they have been repeatedly betrayed. They have suggested they will respond in kind to American *actions*. Americans outnumber North Vietnamese in South Vietnam 5-1. We could remove 100,000 men and watch for them to withdraw 20,000. Such actions speak louder than talk in Paris.

X. *There is no need, then, for Americans to await verbal agreements in Paris.* The chief American tasks are three: (1) to cease offensive operations and bombings; (2) to begin withdrawing troops according to a public timetable; and (3) to make plain in word and deed that the interests of the United States do not require Thieu and Ky as the heads of government in South Vietnam. A nationalist regime in South Vietnam, close to the Buddhists rather than to the minority Catholic army officers, has a slim possibility of surviving the American withdrawal during the 3-to-5-year critical period of uncertainty. The Thieu-Ky regime has no such possibility, as they themselves recognize.

By its large-scale presence in Vietnam since 1965, the Americans have given a Vietnamese "third force" a chance to catch its breath and to identify its interests. By Americanizing and militarizing the struggle, the Americans have almost generated their own defeat by polarizing the issue between Thieu-Ky (who in fighting for the French fought against their own people) and the NLF. Thieu and Ky seem themselves often ashamed, for the symbols that surround them were first French and now American, but not Vietnamese. It is time now to yield Vietnam back to the Vietnamese, in an orderly way that does not compound the damage we have already done the culture and the flesh of that people, and that wrests from what we have done there some at least of the high aims we have all too often publicly announced.

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JOSEPH BEATTY

POEMS

(after the Japanese)

1

All day all day
The sea called back
Her own to herself
And they never came
They never came.

2

Walking the nets in
With grandfather
I heard the young shrimp
Hum and click
Like old men.

3

Your eyes before tears—
Gulls landing.
Take my heart
Under the wing-lash of your sorrow,
Grey bird.

4

The sea swells,
Holding its breath,
When the pelican stills,
Dropping headlong
For bluefish.

5

Here are some small stones
From the beach.
You can see through them
If you hold them
Up to the sun.

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BOOKS

Susan Sontag's private line to the Absolute

Styles of Radical Will

SUSAN SONTAG

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $5.95

PETER BEREK

As with Susan Sontag's hyperbole, we must resist our own. She is neither *zeitgeist* incarnate nor the total absence of mind. A critic of some talent, she has nearly overwhelmed her gifts as a commentator on individual artists and works of art by a pretentious insistence on empty abstractions.

As a theoretician of art—a "meta-critic," to use her own term—Miss Sontag combines the enthusiasm of the huckster with the zeal for novelty of a garment manufacturer. For example, in her new collection of essays, *Styles of Radical Will,* she spends most of an essay speaking with measured commendation of the Rumanian philosopher E. M. Cioran for his "goal of infinite adaptability and intellectual agility," but acclaims John Cage as the truer master because he "proposes for our experience a world in which it's never preferable to do other than we are doing or be elsewhere than we are." "Perhaps," she adds, "for a unified transvaluation, one must look to those thinkers like Cage who—whether from spiritual strength or spiritual insensitivity is a secondary issue—are able to jettison far more of the inherited anguish and complexity of this civilization."

Miss Sontag is as swift to throw things overboard as she is to go overboard herself. The "Aesthetics of Silence" that she proposes in the essay so entitled assumes that man uses up aesthetic possibilities as though they were consumer goods and regards works of art themselves as the litter of packaging along the highway. Art itself —the poem, painting, or music—is the enemy of the artist; anything he consciously creates is corrupt because it implies value for the very states of consciousness he is trying to transcend. Since art is a "spiritual project" aimed at transcendence, the untranscendental materials man must work with, particularly words, must be at odds with their own successful deployment. The best strategies are those of chance and silence. The renunciation of art that these strategies imply is the earnest of the artist's sincerity—we can trust him, and admire his achievement, only when he insists he cannot even trust himself.

Thus the critic who in *Against Interpretation* asserted the primacy of "style" over "content" and defended the formal impenetrability of the work of art now implies that the art object itself is irrelevant; the true achievement of art is the evolving personality of the artist. Like this argument, Miss Sontag's theoretical style can only be understood as a paradox (the term is perhaps excessively polite). Describing the need to transcend the tangible, she speaks in metaphors of manners and fashion: "spiritual good taste," "meta-social or meta-ethical tact," "ideas of deportment." Furthermore, this apostle of receptivity to novelty, flexibility and private obsession speaks with the solemn determinist impersonality of a Commission on the Arts. Her subject is often the pain of doubting, but her tone evokes a mandarin with a private line to the Absolute.

But when Susan Sontag turns to practical criticism, to analysis rather than polemic, she earns some admiration and gratitude. What happens to her style is instructive: in the good essays on "Theater and Film," "Bergman's *Persona,*" and "Godard" that make up the middle section of *Styles of Radical Will,* she is probing, speculative, questioning—a good reporter and describer sorting through ideas and aesthetic patterns to help us see them more clearly. Her gift in these essays is precisely what she lacks as a theorist: she points up disparities between abstract expectation and the particular achievement of the work or *oeuvre,* giving the fact of the artistic experience primacy over any critical pronouncement. Of *Persona* she sensibly urges, "The insufficiency of the clues Bergman has planted must be taken to indicate that he intends the film to remain partially encoded." Of Godard's all-too-obvious allusions to the intellectually fashionable: ". . . ideas are chiefly formal elements in Godard's films, units of sensory and emotional stimulation. They function at least as much to dissociate and fragment as they do to indicate the 'meaning' of the action." She persuasively describes the body of Godard's work as a continuing exercise in criticism of its own modes of perceiving, and illustrates her claims not by the dictations of the *zeitgeist* but by intelligently marshaled references to the films and the director's own statements.

"Trip to Hanoi," the final essay in the collection, emerges as a parable less about the war in Vietnam than the plight of Susan Sontag. In moving and self-doubting excerpts from her journals, she eloquently illustrates the dilemma of the radical American intellectual confronted with an oriental Marxist society with little use for individual expression or free play of mind, but nonetheless symbolizing opposition to what is more deplorable in modern America. The Vietnamese are opaque in their idealism and selflessness; their cause is just but she cannot imagine making North Vietnam the model for an American revolution—yet by the end of the essay, by an effort of "radical will," she is doing just what she earlier told us was unimaginable: demanding no less than a recasting of the nature of Western man to make it possible for h..n to feel as he should about Hanoi. When her abstractions and

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her observations clash, she simply wills the clash away. The essay as parable tells us that Susan Sontag, theorist, is still at odds with Susan Sontag, observer, in life as well as in art. Like *Styles of Radical Will,* the Hanoi essay is fragmentary, self-contradictory, and hyperbolical in its claims for clarity never achieved.

The Age Of Rock

JONATHAN EISEN

Random House, $6.95, $2.95 paper

MICHAEL ROSENTHAL

The publication of this book coincides with what appears to be a critical moment in the history of its subject. After years of seemingly unbounded vitality and potential, rock music—Woodstock notwithstanding—is beginning to falter, and to lose its authority as spokesman for a generation already splitting into confused and conflicting factions. The early classic groups are breaking up and switching personnel with astounding frequency, leaving trails of economic and legal hassles behind them; the festivals have been nearly destroyed by cheap and incompetent entrepreneurs; and the centers of hip culture have been ravaged by tourists and speed freaks. A new kind of easy-listening rock is flooding quasi-underground stations geared for rich suburban teenyboppers, while the pioneering underground stations collapse for want of advertisers, having an audience too ideologically divorced from commerce to represent much purchasing power. The hard-rock product, until now relentlessly progressive, is engaged in a massive retrenchment, "rediscovering the roots," returning to earlier rock styles in search of its own sources of energy. The tone of rock journalism has shifted from ecstatics to ominous. At this point, we need less a guide through the wonders of rock than a tool for critical perspective.

In a sense, Eisen's book provides this. Like any well-edited anthology, it is a partisan tract; those that pretend to objectivity are distorted by their unconfessed bias. Eisen has collected 38 articles, varying widely in style and original purpose, and organized loosely by subject matter and breadth of approach. Taken severally, the range and diversity of the articles are impressive. Taken together, they reinforce one another, so that one can speak of certain themes and attitudes presented by the book as a whole. In essence, the book presents rock as the music of youth in revolt, of old standards breaking down, of new categories of mind and being, of destroying stale inhibitions, of community and visionary discovery—without the slightest trace of doubt regarding rock's future.

It was, indeed, all of these things—to an extent that has yet to be properly delineated. Yet the discrepancy between the book's rapturous enthusiasm and the situation described above does not render the book in any way obsolete. The misconceptions it contains were so dominant in the past few years as to be as much a part of the age of rock as the music itself. What must be stressed is that the book is not really a study of rock music, but is rather both an examination and a specimen of rock culture, the whole complex of attitudes and ideas that surrounded the music in the years of its cultural preeminence. Rock culture is not the same as hip culture; it is a style of observation and response, while hip is a style of life. Rock culture was also the single most important influence on rock music since, like all popular art, the music's development was cued by the response of its audience. The music and the culture that grew around it have everything to do with one another, but their interdependence should not be confused with identity. Rock music has been around for 16 years, rock culture for three. Every article in Eisen's book was written during the last three years, and is almost exclusively about the music of the last three years. Read properly, it can help explain what happened to the music in that time.

An important variation on the theme of Rock's Coming of Age is Rock Becoming an Art. If it's really the case, as Eisen writes, that "the term 'pop' must be redefined radically," it is only because that definition has always been wrong. But this is not what Eisen means. He (and by extension the greater part of his contributors) rightly praise the vitality of rock; but they do not grant it the power of a vital form to move from one order of excellence to another, with changing times and a changing audience. Instead, something called "art rock" must be opposed to merely popular rock. And the terms of praise also are tricky. We are told that art now belongs to the people, and is no longer confined to stuffy classrooms and stodgy lecture halls (again correct, excepting the gratuitous "now"); we are then told that its stature can be certified by its resemblance to "art song," its gleanings from Bach and Stockhausen, and the imagery of modern poetry—everything that we learned to respect in the concerts and lecture halls. If Ralph Gleason really believed that rock was an art on its own terms, why would he bother to call a Beatles piece "an electronic miniature symphony," instead of simply a damned good rock song. The praise is merited, but the emphasis totally perverted.

The case of Dylan (of whom Eisen writes, "out of the banality of the fifties came the poetry of the sixties") is emblematic. We always knew, at least intuitively, that Dylan was our poet, because he did what an artist should do—discovered new territories, showed us how to get there, and, most crucially, showed us that these were places we had always been meant to see. Bestowing on him a Laureateship was an irrelevant honor, one that misread his achievements and sanctioned would-be imitators and ad-men to peddle the surface and steer clear of the core ("X tells it like it is & burrows in the canyons of your mind," cf. "Paul Newman really bugs the establishment in . . .") Dylan, possessed of more savvy than his admirers, would have no part in the Laureate trade, and is now almost defiantly restricting his range to country-pop banality, as if abandoning us to work our own way out of the muddle.

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The most difficult part of rock culture to come to terms with is the alternative society, the hip sub-culture, the now generation (select at your leisure). Yes, there was something going on there, maybe still is; new life styles and healthier modes of interaction were developed, destroying middle-class assumptions by sheer dint of living their negation. The book touches on it frequently, without ever, in my opinion, getting at the real contact between the rock and hip revolutions. I do not know exactly where this lies either, except that it has a lot to do with commitment (and, in creative terms, integrity)—changing one's life so thoroughly that it is impossible ever to see things or to act in the same way again. Rock culture, as presented in this book, is on the fringes, looking in, glorifying achievements that had not yet been achieved, because the rock lyrics said they had. Morever—and this is nobody's fault or intention—by sketching the hip background of rock it implies that the music alone can lead you there, through some kind of vicarious osmosis. The inattention to commitment helped rock become a national fashion, as subject to the proverbial vagaries as any other. Whatever becomes of hip, it is certain that the complacent assurance of rock commentators did not help any. Nor did the abject devotion of the middle-aged breed ("we were now articulating such interesting and, in this mechanistic society, unusual concepts as 'Money Can't Buy Me Love' and 'I Want to Hold Your Hand' "—Gleason again.)

Several articles in the book are brilliant in their own right, such as Landau's essay on Dylan, Christgau's on Rock Poetry, several on the Rolling Stones, and an interview with Zappa. These, and a few others, contain important observations about rock music. On the whole, the book is indispensable as an exhaustive representation of the whole complex of ideas and styles that went into rock culture. As for the music—if you wanna dig it, I can only advise that you get yourself a bunch of records, sit down, and listen to it. Third level vicarious appreciation of the energies of my generation is going too far, and in any case, you do not need a guide to lead you there. The stuff that will last will also make it over to you without benefit of a gloss; that's what it's for.

The Existentialist Prolegomena To A Future Metaphysics

FREDERICK SONTAG

University of Chicago Press, $8

ERAZIM V. KOHAK

Sontag's *Existentialist Prolegomena* is a deceptively familiar volume. The starting point is the familiar existentialist thesis that human existence is real, that it *is* reality—that man is not an entity, but a life, a way of being in and dealing with the world. Even the style is familiar—the earnest, defensive pleading of post-war existentialism. But behind this quaint unprofessional mask Sontag is making a serious philosophical proposal. His thesis is not only that human existence is real, but that human reality is *knowable and intelligible*. He argues that the traditional fortes of existentialism, philosophical psychology and literature, reveal not simply reality, but an order—eidetic structures of human being-in-the-world which can serve as categories of radically new metaphysics. Sontag proposes no less than to use them in precisely that way.

Regardless of style, this is a significant proposal. It articulates the growing realization that the culture-wide intellectual schizophrenia bequeathed to us by the century of romanticism and positivism can be resolved by a return from "subjective" and "objective" abstractions to the concrete reality of human existence. This is the significance of von Brentano's intentional psychology, Husserl's phenomenology, Masaryk's sociological realism or Weber's empiricism as *nacherleben*. It is the force behind Karl Popper's attempt to go beyond operationalism without reverting to an outdated essentialist explanation, as well as behind Ricoeur's eidetics of immediate experience or Alfred Schultz's sociology of subject-experience. In *The Existentialist Prolegomena,* Sontag takes the logical next step, extending the systematic investigation of praxis in the direction of metaphysics.

In taking this step, Sontag is eminently on solid ground: the reality, knowability and intelligibility of immediate experience on which the argument of his first four chapters depends have been thoroughly established both in philosophy and in the social sciences. Similarly, the contention of his transitional chapter, that the inherent structures of experience provide the bridge between immediate experience and metaphysical construction, has been established by the work of men like Husserl, Scheler, and Schutz. Then why, after a promising start, does Sontag's attempt to adumbrate the foundations of an existentially-based metaphysics fail so utterly? Why, in place of a radically new metaphysics, does Sontag offer us the same worn-out natural theology incongruously decorated with some vaguely "existentialistic" trimmings?

There is overwhelming evidence that Sontag's programmatic proposal to build a metaphysics on the structures of immediate experience is in principle sound and should be pursued. The problem lies in the description of human reality which Sontag chooses as his starting point. Sontag works in an intellectual isolation unusual even for an existentialist. Not only does he ignore the large body of material in related areas, but he chooses rather narrowly even among the existentialists. The description of existence with which he works is derived entirely from the work, quarter of a century old, of two war-time existentialists, Heidegger and Sartre.

Yet Heidegger and Sartre were anomalous even among the existentialists. The strand of existentialism they represented was always hermeneutic, deeply contemptuous of ordinary men and common human experience. Its heroes were the tortured supermen of 19th-century titanism—Kierkegaard's anguished knight. Nietzsche's Wagner-

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ian superman, Comte's positive scientist relapsing into the fetishism of a cult of humanity. There was a reason for the cult of superman. Having replaced the concrete reality of human existence with two incompatible abstractions, matter and spirit (object and subject), 19th-century titanism could transcend the partiality of one or the other only at the cost of intellectual schizophrenia. The supermen are tragic because they incorporate the contradiction within themselves.

But this is why the supermen are not only great and tragic, but also utterly unreal, impossible. They cannot bake bread, raise children, and keep old men warm in the winter. Their histrionics are essentially parasitic on the work of others. They are not men but aristocrats, and the experience they represent and describe is not human experience, but the clash of two abstractions.

Thus Sontag characterizes the experience they describe in terms of man's "essential inner loneliness in the world, coupled with the demands which society places upon him." But that is not human experience! That is the experience of the pampered child or the aristocrat who does not share in the *work* of being-in-community and never makes the community his own. A man, as even other existential writers have shown, is *essentially* in-carnate, not only in flesh but in community. From the earliest, his very self is defined in a network of intentional relationships to others and to the world. Sartre's own *Transcendence of the Ego* makes the point—the pure subject is an abstraction. Essential inner loneliness is the fate of the aristocrat who "cops out" of the life and work of humanity—and, having withdrawn from participating in it, can only "confront" it. His experience is essentially abstract—and so are his metaphysics.

And, in fact, Sontag's metaphysical proposals remain abstract and artificial. His conception of metaphysics remains that of a super-physics—an inquiry into the nature of a super-subject—rather than an existential approach to the *meaning* of human existence. The God Sontag speaks about is not the God of human existence, the God of "every man at his work." The questions he poses are not existential questions, the questions of human experience. Perhaps this is why he tells us that the "traditional God," that is, the God who died on a cross between two thieves, "cannot accept suffering." This is not the God of human existence, but the God of traditional natural theology, and Sartrian or Heideggerian hermeneutic offers nothing to break his hold on metaphysics.

For Sontag is ultimately so entirely right. A radically new metaphysics will have to be based on experience, concrete, immediate human living-in and dealing-with the world, not on metaphysical abstractions of another era, including the titanic abstractions of wartime existentialism. The proposal Sontag makes in *The Existentialist Prolegomena* is significant—the failure, though unfortunate, is incidental. I shall look forward to Sontag's next book.

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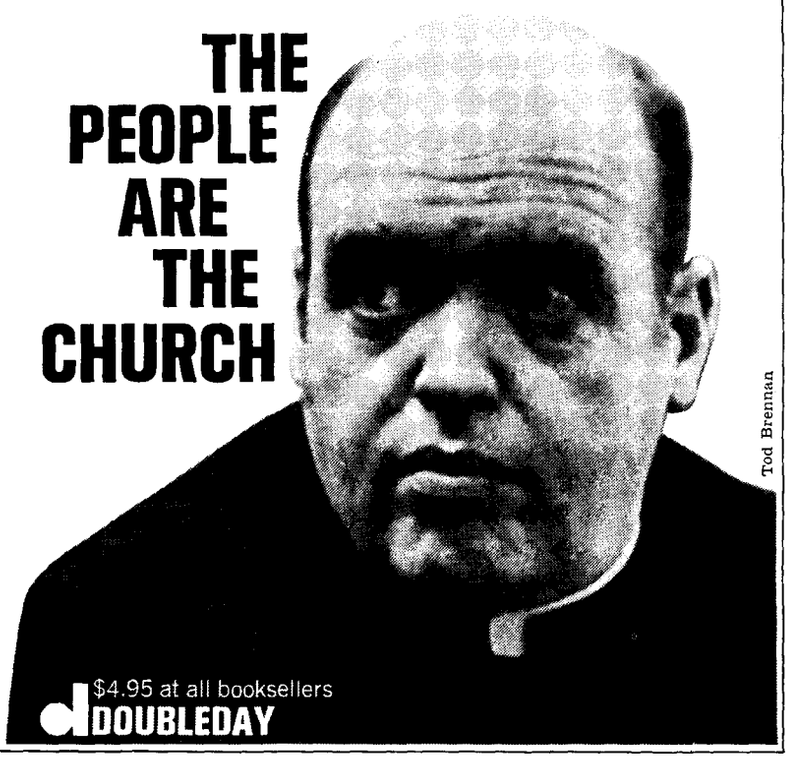

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Whispers From a Continent: The Literature of Contemporary Black Africa

WILFRED CARTEY

Random House, $8.95

MARTIN TUCKER

The critic of African literature—as distinct from the African novelist, poet, or dramatist—rides three humps of a camel all at once. He must be concerned with the uninitiated, concerned enough to give a lucid and usually brief run-down on the traditions of the African literary continent. He must discuss the African writers who have already achieved their fame, if he is to please the scholar and fellow-critic. And if he wishes to show he really has his ear to the African ground (or drum, as the case may be), he must discuss the newer writers, the ones who have only begun to publish.

Then too there is the problem of availability of books under discussion. Until recently few African novels and volumes of poetry were available in the United States. (The situation is changing, with at least two major publishing companies instituting an African library series in the fall.) The critic of African literature thus finds himself in a peculiar situation. He is writing about books which a large majority of readers have not read, though they profess an interest in reading them. For example, when my study of African literature (*Africa in Modern Literature*) appeared two years ago, few books under discussion were then printed in the U.S.

At present, African literary criticism has not become specialized. There simply are very few African critics—black and white alike—and like the men in frontier days they must spread themselves thin. Right now a few branches are shedding their divisible knowledge—literature in native African tongues, and anthropological-philological studies of folk literature are being taught in special centers in universities. But the one field of African literature that is bound to prove most popular for a very long time to come is African literature written in either English or French. Simply because of convenience a Western reader is likely to journey into African images through the familiar territory of his own language.

Wilfred Cartey faces some of these critical problems by presenting an impressionistic overview of African literature written in English and French in the twentieth century. What he has created in his long, heavily documented study is a synthesis of themes. In lyrical prose he has crafted a framework in which to empathize with African writers.

For example Cartey divides his study into two "movements": "the movement away" and "the movement back." Within this movement away he discusses those factors that have destroyed the sense of order and tradition that once unified various African communities. The major destructive element in this movement away is of course the colonization of Africa by the Western world. Those writers who have concentrated their fictional material on this shattering experience are studied in detail, particularly the work of the Biafran novelist (and now also poet) Chinua Achebe.

In another section Cartey discusses the sense of alienation—and the escape into various rationalizations that have engulfed many black South African writers. Cartey treats some of the writers in historical terms, showing how alienation as a result of disorder has taken different forms, and how the shift from the traditional village life to the urban community has evolved as a theme in the works of Cyrian Ekwensi, Peter Abrahams, and Richard Rive.

Finally in an "interchapter"—a kind of poetic illumination of a change in viewpoint, an acceptance and declaration of African integrity and being, Cartey moves on to "the movement back." The study in this second section is largely devoted to poetry—the poetry of Négritude—and Cartey gives detailed analyses of the work of Léon Damas, Léopold Senghor, and Aimé Césaire. He also treats here the work of Wole Soyinka, though this Nigerian master of poetry, drama and essay (he has also written one novel) is famous for his distaste with Négritude ("A tiger does not proclaim his tigritude.").

Cartey's book, readable and lyric as it is, is more likely to be appreciated by readers with some knowledge of African literature, for he is not so much interested in the basics of literary history as he is in the currents under the observable elements. His study is both impressionistic and scholarly, but it is profoundly the work of a poet who is trying to synthesize the various strands he sees into a central thread. Or to use Cartey's image, he has searched for the matrix, the understanding that flows from mother to son, from the earth to return to it.

Cartey's approach then frees him from certain elementary and tedious explanations. He is not writing a history but a philosophic criticism that swings back and forth in chronology. It is how-

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ever just in this area that problems arise, for Cartey's insights use only those aspects of literary history necessary to justify their view of the African scene, and ignore others. And often Cartey swings from one book to another, with little introduction (though there are voluminous footnotes), so that a sense of sketchiness obtrudes. The reader must clearly keep in mind Cartey's focus in order to appreciate Cartey's close textual analyses.

In spite of these difficulties, Cartey's study is a mine of deep value. It offers a review of the spirit and forces that have manifested themselves over a whole continent of thought. It provides a perspective from which to both begin and move on to other studies. And it offers excellent analyses of many individual works which, even taken out of their context in this book, retain their validity.

Celibacy, Ministry, Church

JOSEPH BLENKINSOPP

Herder and Herder, $5.95

MARY DALY

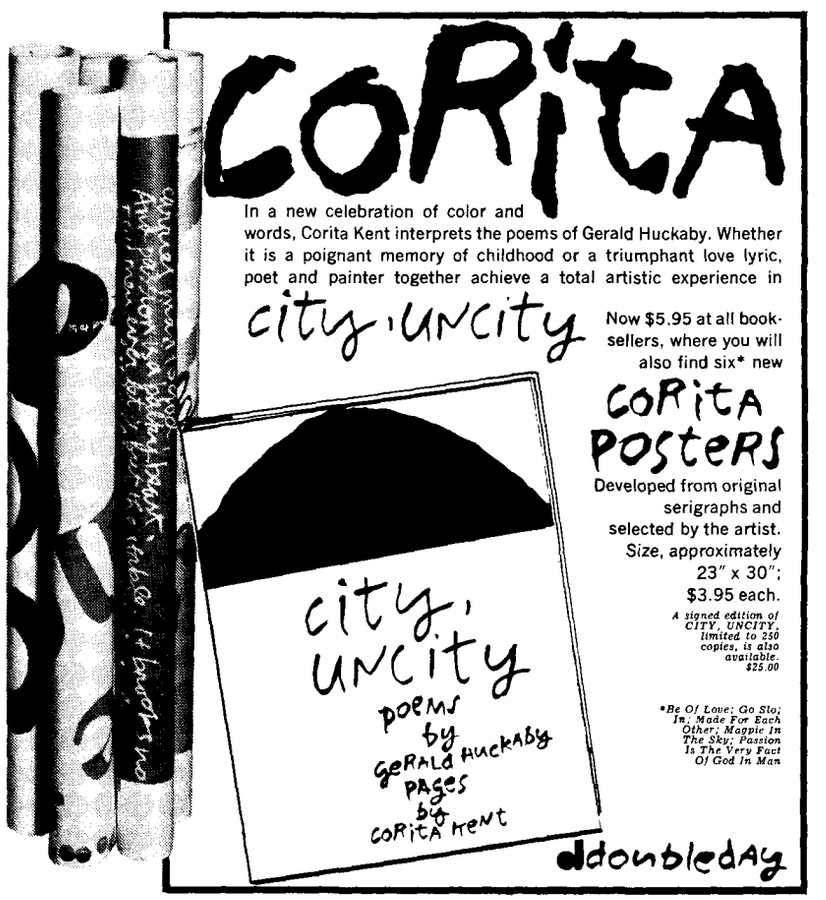
As the author states in the foreward, this book does not belong to the confessional and autobiographical genre. It is a scholarly and at some points radical analysis of the problem of clerical celibacy. At the same time it is a challenge to Catholics to abandon the ecclesiastical fundamentalism which has hindered intellectual honesty.

Although he recognizes merit in the work of moderate theologians such as Schillebeeckx, Blenkinsopp is impatient with the discrepancy between the ideal and the real which is so often encountered there. Evidently influenced by sociological theory, notably by Max Weber and by Peter Berger, he cuts through facile theological justifications of the status quo, affirming that the main historical reason for the development of a specifically clerical celibacy is to be found in the sacralization of the Christian cult and of the ministers responsible for it—a process aided by a hermeneutically unsound use of the Old Testament. This process has resulted in an unresolved confusion between a "state of life" and a pastoral and ministerial function—a confusion reflected and perhaps reinforced in the encyclical *Sacerdotalis Caelibatus.*

Much of the impact of the book comes from its underlining of the ironies involved in the development of the clerical elitism which characterizes the Roman Catholic structure. Blenkinsopp points out that Jesus showed remarkably little interest in priests or the priestly. He never referred to himself as a priest and nowhere in the New Testament is any Christian referred to as a priest. Indeed Jesus was a lay figure who condemned the priestly caste and apparently he died as a victim of that same caste. Ironically, Roman Catholicism has produced a clerical and cultic machine not unlike that against which Jesus and the early church protested.

A sense of irony comes through forcibly as the book unfolds the implications of its thesis that passages of the New Testament which use cultic expressions from the Old Testament are in fact radically reinterpreting those passages and using them in paradoxical ways. Spreading the gospel, for example, is seen as a priestly or liturgical service, and the death of a Christian is seen as a sacrificial libation. Blenkinsopp observes that by the time of Cyprian of Carthage, who was writing in the middle of the third century, the situation had changed profoundly. The Christian minister was seen as engaged primarily in the service of the altar and sacrifice. The New Testament conception of ministry and the import of its paradoxical use of terms and texts were suffocated as the process of routinization took over. Vatican II's Constitution on the Church did little to remedy the situation. Indeed its authors found it possible to write of the ministerial priest that he "molds and rules the priestly people by the sacred power he enjoys."

It is commonly recognized that Roman Catholic theology in recent centuries has exploited the Scriptures for the purpose of absolutizing existing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conditions. In contrast to all of this, Blenkinsopp points out that priesthood is not found among the ministries of the early Church. "The plain fact is that the cleric-lay distinction simply did not exist. In the well-known Pauline lists of ministries or *charismata* . . . no priestly or cultic office features." Moreover, quite apart from the loss of biblical underpinnings, the insistence upon clerical caste is rapidly becoming meaningless in modern society. "With the progressive decline in prestige (to the point of disappearance) of the sacred in modern life, the priesthood as traditionally conceptualized appears as an archaism, sometimes interesting but more often tiresome."

The archaism of the sacred is in fact choking the life of the church. The priest is in bondage to a role which hinders personal authenticity. Blenkinsopp is not original or alone in maintaining that the priest is expected to confer legitimation on the given social structure and therefore cannot function freely as its critic. He is admirably consistent in drawing the practical conclusion from this: There is no place for elitism and therefore no place for a priesthood in the sense of a professional class. Therefore we ought to aim at eliminating the differentiation into clergy and laity. Indeed, he suggests that in view of the cluster of associations which have gathered around the word "priest"—mostly pejorative and intimately related to the sacred—we follow the example of the early church and drop it from our vocabulary. He is right in seeing this as more than a verbal gesture: it would "signify our willingness to broaden our understanding of ministry and begin to disperse the concentration of functions in the historical priesthood." While recognizing the problems involved in working within the Roman Catholic institution —such as the problem of exercising the mystique of the "indelible character" which has surrounded the priesthood since the Middle Ages— he still opts for working within toward dissolution of structures which impede the mission of the church in the world.

Blenkinsopp, as well as many other theologians, advocates Christian witness at the "points of disjunction" in society —the struggle against poverty, the fight for racial equality, etc. He recognizes that the Christian ministry should bear upon alienating structures rather than merely giving emotional release from them.

Yet he does not carry through this insight when it comes to the issue of women in the ministry. Although he sees that women should be ordained and commissioned to those functions which hitherto have been restricted to men, he treats this as a minor aspect of the problem of ministry and adopts an attitude of gradualism, affirming that so long as women are not even allowed to approach the sanctuary there is not much point in talking about the possibility of their being ordained. He gives the familiar argument that until we do some radical rethinking on ministry in general this possibility cannot even seriously be raised.

The point which seems not be appreciated here is that the struggle for women's liberation is precisely one of the "points of disjunction" in society which the Christian ministry, if it is worth anything, should be doing something about. It will not be doing any-

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REVIEWERS

PETER BEREK teaches in the English Department at Williams College in Massachusetts.

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MARY DALY, author of *The Church and the Second Sex* (Harper & Row), is working on a book dealing with the crisis in the Church.

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thing meaningful about it until it takes the issue seriously enough to eliminate sexual discrimination within its own structures. Indeed, since the mystique which surrounds the priestly and the sacred is very much bound up with the hierarchical world view, the recognition of the full equality of women is not simply one more thing to be added to the list of changes and after interminable rethinking, but rather it is central to the whole problem. This centrality should be all the more evident when one recognizes, as does Blenkinsopp, that ministry should not be reduced to the alleviation of needs—that it implies creating channels of communication, which means building community. A church which is signaling out a distorted message about the man-woman relationship by the relegation of women to an inferior status is not doing well in the business of communication. The medium is the message.

Without being a fundamentalist, Blenkinsopp takes the Scriptures of the apostolic and sub-apostolic ages as somehow normative. He recognizes that the structures of the early church cannot be mandatory for those living in a different culture, yet he thinks that we can detect in these writings "the primordial word, which summoned the church into existence in the first place . . . under the judgment of which it stood then and stands now." Some would find this unsatisfying. Nevertheless, the book is a liberating and a helpful one.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 35)

are getting to me too much. Let's have some Hope. More of Sister Agnes Murphy and "Audubon," please [Sept. 19.]

And another churlish remark. Will you please edit your contributors' articles a little more. I struggled through Mr. Walsh's "Law & Order On the Catholic Campus" and I think I know what he says, but "An informal residential collegiate experience, flexible as to duration and requirements, within the ambience of a large urban university, would seem to offer the best hope" hardly gives itself to speed reading! I thought I got lost in the National Review and William (Polysyllabic) Buckley was talking.

I think we all ought to join Cardinal Léger and go help the lepers.

ROBERT H. KINNEY

IN BRIEF

LATIN AMERICA

Latin American Radicalism: A Documentary Report on Left and Nationalist Movements. Edited by Irving Louis Horowitz, Josué de Castro and John Gerassi. Random House, $10.00.

A collection of essays, scholarly studies and documents focusing on the Latin left. The inclusion of non-radical material, such as Eduardo Frei's discourse on the Alliance for Progress, and the lack of comprehensive coverage of the full continuum of revolutionary activity in Latin America weaken the thrust of the anthology, which is most effective in developing at some length the Castro-Guevara-Debray theory of rural insurgency.

Socialism in Cuba. By Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy. Monthly Review, $5.95.

A critique of Castro's Cuba by two eminent American socialists. The authors are pulling for the Cubans as they attempt to build a new society 90 miles from Florida, and stress the achievements of the Cuban government in areas such as public health and education. Yet they express dismay over signs that a loss of popular faith in the regime may have begun, and over what seems to be a growing tendency by Castro to stifle all criticism of his policies.

Camilo Torres. By German Guzman. Translated by John D. Ring. Sheed & Ward, $6.95.

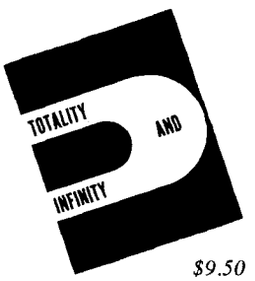
This sympathetic biography of Colombia's famed priest-turned-guerrilla was written for Colombians and assumes a grasp of details which few U.S. readers will possess. Father Guzman's interpretation of the tragedy of Camilo Torres is often passionate to the point of distraction. Emotion and narrative intersect nicely in the description of Camilo's departure from Bogotá to join the guerrillas, and provide the most memorable passages in this fascinating book.

JOSEPH A. PAGE

TOTALITY AND INFINITY

EMMANUEL LEVINAS

translation by Alphonso Lingis



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This work argues that thought, understanding the multiplicity of particular beings in terms of the whole they constitute, does not exhibit the ultimate format of being. The thought that opens upon the totality is borne by a transcendence that goes beyond the totality that produces infinity. Levinas seeks to make manifest this production of infinity by examining the total situation in which language, by which a being addresses itself to exteriority, is enacted.

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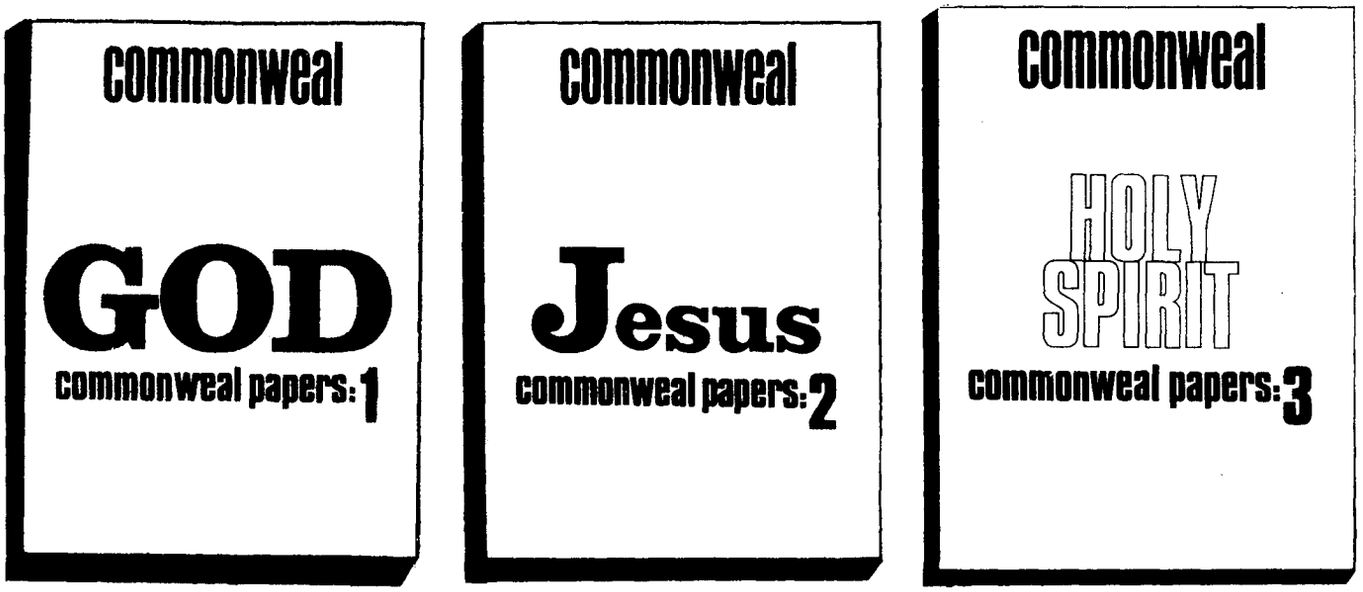

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Our October 31 issue will be the fourth in the "Commonweal Papers" series, a 64-page special-price issue on the Church in the Year 2000. It will go to all Commonweal subscribers at no extra charge. The following religious authors and social scientists will approach the subject by projecting current trends and attempting to delineate future alternatives:

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Richard Neuhaus on the Shape of the Liturgy
Arthur Gibson on the Church and the World
Anselm Atkins on the Future of Theology
John D. Donovan on the 21st-Century Priesthood
William McBrien on Relations with Other Religions
John G. Milhaven on Future Christian Ethics
Frederick Franck on the Vatican and the Curia

In the same issue COMMONWEAL plans to publish an overview essay on the articles as a whole by Donald Cutler, editor of the ground-breaking *Religious Situation* series published by Beacon Press, and individual commentaries on specific articles by such authors as: Daniel Callahan, Joseph H. Fichter, Robert Hovda, James Gustafson, Robert Neville, Robert Shinn, and John MacQuarrie.

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